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**WAITING!**  
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By Mrs. Alvah Gordon Garth

"Going home, Livingston?"

"With fear and trembling."

"Because—?"

For answer Royce Livingston took out his memorandum book. He pointed to a page. It was a record of auto hire, suppers, theater parties and haberdashery. It footed up \$278. Ned Griscom puckered his lips to a low amazed whistle.

"Pretty steep, eh?" questioned Royce, his brief laugh full of assumed indifference. "I don't know what my Aunt Marcia will say to it, but I've got to tell her. My creditors will wait just one week into the vacation. Then—action."

"As how, now?"

"Notify my aunt and then a row, I can tell you! For I have overdrawn my allowance every month of the present term."

"She must like you, Livingston."

"I'm all she has in the way of relations, and a poor specimen, I'm free to say. Dear woman! She cared for me ever since her sister, my mother, died. Never a scolding word—sweet, patient, self-sacrificing. Oh, I'm a cad, I am!" and Royce strode away, hating himself.

He had reason to say "Dear woman," for Aunt Marcia had been a veritable mother to him. The worst of it was, it struck him, she was positively proud of him. His juvenile picadilloes she had never chided. As he grew older and some of his wild capers came to her notice, she passed them by as the evanescent and unavoidable ebullition of growing manhood. Royce felt thoroughly ashamed of himself.

"I'll cut it out. I'll amount to something and be a credit to the family name," he resolved. "When I get home I'll tell the whole miserable story of my folly and extravagance to Aunt Marcia and turn over a new leaf strictly."

Royce was not destined to see his aunt when he arrived at Ferndale the next morning. The old family servant met him at the door and greeted him with genuine pleasure in her face. She was Mary Barker, true as steel to her mistress and loyal to all of her kin.

The house was in sterling order, a royal breakfast lay spread, specially prepared for one, and he obviously the honored guest. When she showed him later to his room he found it newly furnished, a box of



They Were His College Bills.

cigars on a stand, everything accessible for comfort and luxury, a check on his dressing table for \$100, and beside it a little stack of paper slips inclosed by a rubber band.

They were his college bills and all marked "Paid." A little note said: "Enjoy yourself after your hard term. I shall not see you today, as I am confined to my room." Royce was overcome. Not a word of reproach, the way cleared for perfect freedom from care or annoyance. He swal-